

And thou edel of Bretayn
Take he sayd the dragons heed
All is myne that here is lered
Wher doel thou with my place
Great dole it was to here
Whan he callid Cristabell his sere
What art thou that thou in the see
God that dwelth upon the rode byt rule
On thy soule have mercy
And on that yonge bylde to fre
The erle was so afreide of Eglamour
That he was fayne to take the tour
That ouer moze wo hym be
Eglamour sayd to god me saue
All that the ordze of anyghthode wyll haue
Ryse vp and go with me
They were full fayne to do his wyll
Up they rose and came hym tyll
He gaue them order soone
The whyle that he in the hall abode
Two and thyrty knyghtes he made
Fro moztetyll it was noone
Tho that luyunge had none
He gaue them luyunge to lye upon
For Cristabell to praye soone
Than anone I vnderstonde
He take the way to the holy londe
Wher god on the

Where ony dedes of armes were
Agaynethem that lpued wzouge
In batayle noz intozneymente
There myght no man withstonde his dynte
But downe ryght he them thronge
By that fyftene pere were gone
His sone that the gryffon had tane
Was wæren bothe styffe and stronge
Now is Degrabell wæren wyght
The kyng of Israell dubbed hym knyght
And pryncce with his honde
Lysten lozdynges great and small
Of what maner of armes that he bare
And ye wyll vnderstonde
He bereth in a sure a gryffon stronge
Rychely portured on the molde
On his clawes hangynge
A man chylde in a mantell wounde
And with a gyrdell of golde bounde
Without ony lesynge
The kyng of Israell is wæren olde
To Degrabel his sone he tolde
I wolde thou had a wyfe
Whyle that I leue my sone dere
Whan I am deed thou hast no fere
Rychesse is so ryse
A messenger stode by the kyng

Thou shalt haue my doughter Ardnada
The kynge of satyn sayd also
I remembres yn thou her wan
Eglamour prayed the kynges thre
At his weddyng for to be
If thei they wolde wouche saue
All gnted hym that werethoze
ponge & lele and moze
Lorde Iesus chryst hym haue
Kynges and erles I bynderstonde
And worthy dukes of many a londe
With Joye and mythe yuounghe
The trompettes in the shyp blowes
That euery man to shyp goes
The wyndet them ouer blew
Thozoughe goddes myght all his meyne
In good lyke passed the see
In Artayes they dyd aryue
The erle than in a toure stode
He sawe men passe the salt flode
And fast to his horse gan dzyue
Whan he harde of Eglamour
He fell out of his toure
And brake his necke belyue
The messangers wente agayne to tell
Of that case how it befell
With god may no man stryue
Thus in Artayes the lordes were leute
For the Emneroure sonethey sent

Ryght welcomeshall they be
 Syr Eglamoure to the chyrche is gone
 Degrabell and Ardnada they haue tane
 And his lady bryght of ble
 The kynge of Itraell sayd I the gyue
 Halfe my tonde whyle I lyue
 Broke well all after my daye
 With my kyll mythe the fest was made
 Fourty dayes it abode
 Amonge all lordes hende
 And than forsothe as I you saye
 Euery man toke his waye
 Where hym lyked to dwell
 Mynstrelles had good great plente
 That euer the better maye they be
 And bolder for to spende
 In Romayn this cronycle is
 Dere Iesus byrnge vs to thy blys
 That lasteth without ende

A M C A

Thus endeth syr Eglamoure of Artayes
 Enprynted at London by Rycharde
 Bankys dwellynge in the pultry
 at the stockes at the logeshop
 by saynt Myldredes
 churche

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